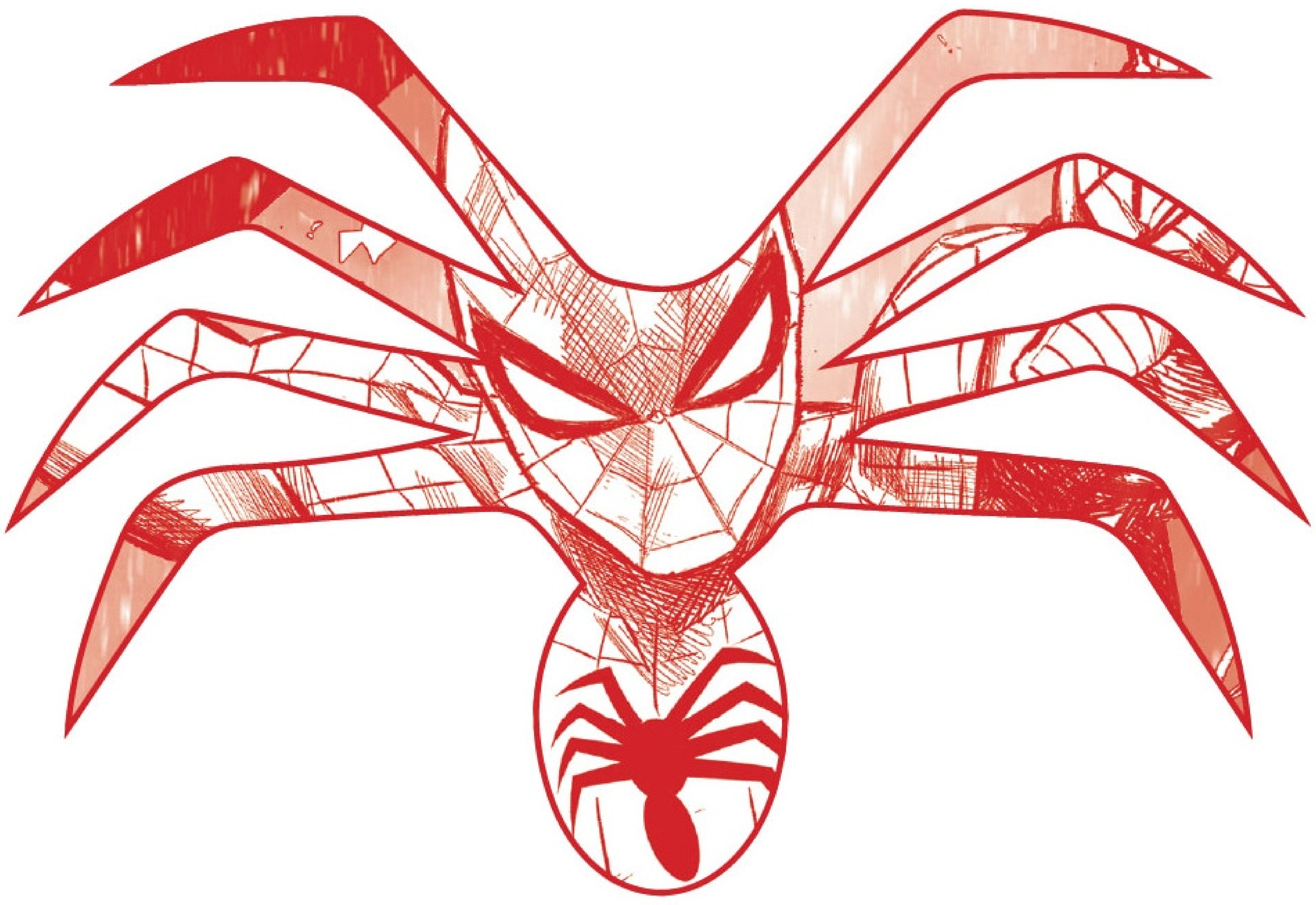
MARVEL
1
ULTIMATE
SPIDER-MAN
HICKMAN
CHECCHETTO | WILSON



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Twenty years ago, **THE MAKER** prevented a radioactive spider from biting a young **PETER PARKER**. He likewise prevented the creation of any other super heroes and formed a secret council to rule the world from the shadows. When **TONY STARK** learned the dark history of his universe, he sought to undo it—prompting the **MAKER'S COUNCIL** to attack Manhattan, killing thousands, and frame Stark for it. Peter Parker has lived his life unaware of the Maker's Council or the truth behind the spider, but that is about to change...

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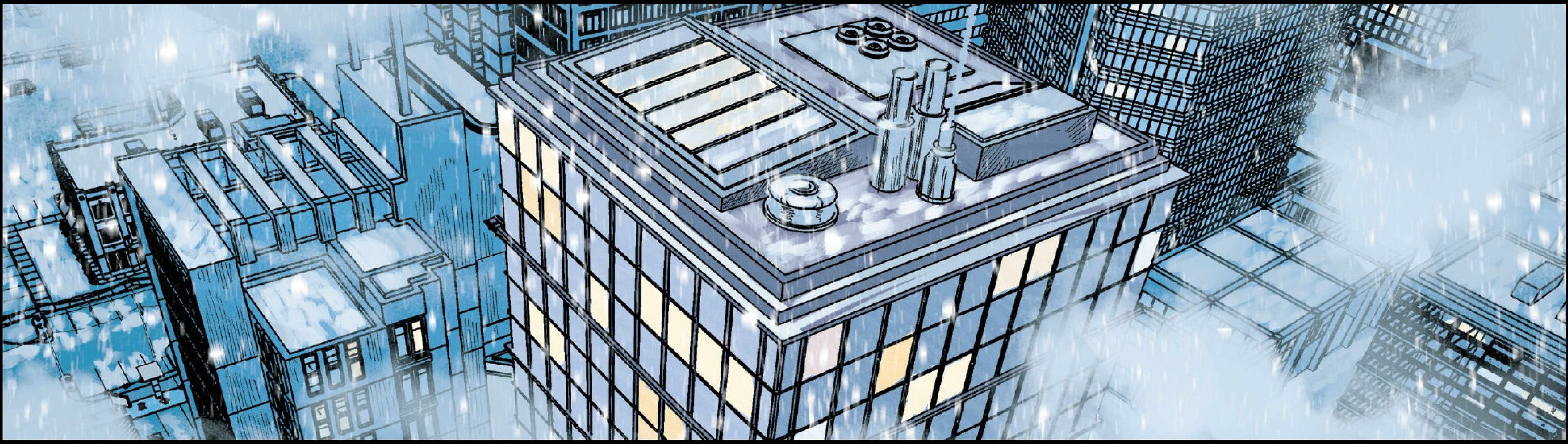


JANUARY

LATE SEASON SNOW - NYC
TOTAL SNOWFALL
JAN 31 - FEB 3, 2021 17.4"
MAR 21 - 22, 2018 8.4"
MAR 14, 2017 7.6"
FEB 9, 2017 9.4"
MAR 5, 2015 7.5"
FEB 13-14, 2014 12.5"
FEB 3, 2014 8.0"
Snow Emergency: New York....

Morning, guys.
DAD!
Hey, Dad. You sound tired. *Late night?*
Yes, Richard. It was.
What're we eating, May?
Bacon!
Mom made extra. It's over by the thing.
Nice.
Did she also happen to--?
Yep. In the pot.
Thank God for Mom.
Thank God for coffee...

...and I gotta say, Tiger...
...you look like you need it.
Morning, MJ. That bad?
A little rough around the edges. I didn't hear you come to bed.
It was late. I didn't really sleep.
Didn't sleep?
Or couldn't sleep?
A little of both.

That's to be expected, right?
Today is...well, you know...
Uh-huh.
Not a toy, kiddo.
You wanna talk about it?
Yes I do...
But right now I gotta run. I promised I'd head into the office, and then we have the thing, but *yes*...
We'll talk later. Okay?
Count on it.
All right. Bye, guys!
Bye, Dad!

DAILY BUGLE
Hello, Peter.
Hey, Betty...
Any word on what's--?
PARKER!
PARKER!
Oh, hey there, Peter.
Mornin', boss. How are--?
No time for chitchat.
PARKER!

BEN PARKER
MANAGING EDITOR
DAILY BUGLE
ROXXON LEADS ATTACK ON DAILY BUGLE
DAILY BUGLE
WANTED
PARKER!
My ears work fine, Jonah. There's no need to yell.
Then why didn't you answer?
Because you were yelling.
What?
Yeah. But I only yell 'cause you're *old* and I worry you can't *hear.*
Exactly.

Is there something you need, Jonah?
Our meeting at four. I just found out that the money is insisting all of management be there, but I know you've got your thing, and...
I can try to push it back if you need me to.
It's not a problem. I'll be back.
Okay.
Here's your guy.
Hey, Ben. Ready to go?
I was ready fifteen minutes ago, Peter.
Why're you late?
Well, it's probably because I was neither *on time* nor *early*.
That's cute.
Kids these days. Always being cute, always being clever.
Not clever enough to show up on time.
But clever nonetheless.
WANTED

You guys should have your own *show.*
Why would we need that?
We have our own *paper.*
All right, Jonah. I'll be back at four.
See you then.
BEN PARKER MANAGING EDITOR
Peter. Hold up a second.
BEN PARKER MANAGING EDITOR
Where's your tie?
I don't wear... Actually, I've never...
I don't even think I own one.
You have to wear a tie.
Take your jacket off.

How do you think he's doing?
Have I ever told you how much we love to sit around and talk about our feelings, your uncle and I?
Yeah, but how do you think he's doing?
Your uncle is the toughest sonuvagun I've ever met.
Askin' if he's okay is kinda like askin' about the durability of stone or some other geological remnant of another time.
Saying that, how about you and I--*regardless of how it appears he's doin'*--keep a close lookout for any cracks we might see.
Can we agree to that, Peter?
Yeah.
All right, all done.
And while you're still not respectful, at least you *look* respectable.
Thanks.
Okay.
If you really want to know how your uncle is doing, you could always just ask.
And, Peter...
I'm gonna want that tie back.

So...
Everyone's wondering if you're doin' okay.
"Everyone" is not wondering if I'm okay, Peter. "Everyone" doesn't care.
We work at the Bugle. So, you and me, we're in the words business. If there's something you want to say, don't hide your intent. Just go ahead and say it.
Then "everyone" will respect you more because you did.
Okay. Fair enough.
I'm worried about you.
Why?
Why? What do you mean why? You won't talk about what happened.
You haven't said anything. Not one word about how you're doing or how you feel.

Peter, you were fifteen when your parents died and you came to live with May and I.
That first year was hard for you. Heck, it was hard for all of us.
But we loved you unconditionally. We protected you. I tried to teach you about the world and prepare you for it..
While May was better at... *all this kinda stuff.*
But the one thing we never tried to do was replace your parents. Because we couldn't.
Now, that was twenty years ago.
It's been a long time. But has one day gone by that you didn't think about them?
Is there one day that it doesn't hurt that they're gone?
No.
Then you know exactly how I feel.

I don't suppose we'll ever understand acts of terror.
MAY PARKER +
It lies well beyond my comprehension and far removed from any ideology or faith I call my own.
BOLO NIDAL + LINH NGUYEN +
NORMAN OSBORN + BROOKS PACE +
To me, it just looks like madness. But I suppose--*after his actions that day*--it no longer matters. Whatever Stark believed died with him.
What I do know, is that years from now--*decades from now*--the memories of that man will fade, while the memories of the others who died on that day will not.
Because of you.
Yes, they were taken before their time, and yes, Heaven is more crowded today than we would prefer.
But as you wake and work, then sleep and dream, it will be of them...
And when you recall each sweet memory of the departed--*as the love swells within your heart*--I encourage you to listen closely.
Listen. And you will hear your angels singing.
On the memorial behind me you will find two names that belong to our last speaker. ***He is one of you.***
Their names were Norman and Emily Osborn, and this is their son, Harry.

Thank you, Father.
Emotional day. And Father Murdock is right, the air *is* thick with memories.
The one I keep thinking of--*one I can't seem to stop thinking of*--is from when I was seven.
It was the first time my dad played catch with me. Now, I don't really like baseball, and he didn't like baseball, but there it is. Haunting me. And it wasn't until today, really, that I figured out why.
It's because-- *in that moment*-- the entire world was just the ball, me and my dad. Like that was the only thing that mattered. Like I was the most important person in the world.
And now I'll never be able to make another memory like that with him.
We all lost someone. Mothers, fathers, siblings, sons and daughters. And like Father Murdock said, they will live on in our hearts. We will always remember them.
But I have to be honest. I'm not sure that I'll ever be able to move on. Or get better. Because when I'm all alone-- *in the quiet of the night*-- it isn't angels I hear singing.
I hear a ball hitting a glove. I hear screams and sirens. I hear all of us crying out in pain because a part of our future was stolen and in exchange all we got were...*memories.*
It's... it's just not enough.
And I'm not sure any of us should be expected to live with it.

Well...
...except for the bit at the end, I thought that went as well as possible.
Have you ever met the guy?
Yeah. Once.
Seemed like a different person, but you know, completely different circumstances.
Ben told me he interviewed his father quite a few times over the years.
But he never got even a hint of who Norman Osborn really was.
Billionaire businessman. Ruthless competitor. Founder of Oscorp Industries...
...and loving father. You never know, I guess.
I guess. Maybe.
Anyway, you guys headed back home?
Yeah.
Let's go, kids.
Okay. Minus any major crises, I'll be home in a bit.
Bye, Dad.

The Daily Bugle.
What the--?
I QUIT!

Go to your desk, Peter. Keep your head down.
We'll catch up later.
So. Did I miss something?

You did, Ben. We've been informed that there is going to be some editorial restructuring at the paper.
Jonah didn't care for the changes.
And how do you feel about them, Robbie?
I'm two years away from maxing out my pension.
And I feel like that would be a good idea.
Sure. We all gotta have something to fight for.
Mind if I ask what the changes are?
There is an ever-increasing number of complaints from our advertisers about some of our more inflammatory content.
Specifically--and I apologize for bringing this up today--they are uncomfortable with how dogged the Bugle is being while looking into the Stark terror attack.
And they really don't care for the most recent direction of our coverage.
So we're going to be making some changes...at the behest of both the board and broader ownership in general.
And how do you think I should feel about that?

Pleased at your good fortune.
After all, nature abhors a vacuum.
What's that supposed to mean, Mr. Fisk?
DAILY BUGL
Jameson's out, and now the paper needs new leadership. You are the obvious choice. And so I suppose congratulations are in order, Mr. Parker.
It seems you've got yourself a promotion.
That's if you want the job, of course.
AILY
And if you can...*toe the line.*

So. What are we gonna do now?

Later.

A Bar With No Name.
I'm not saying no. But are you sure that--?
I am.
Come on, Ben. We're both old enough to know the definition of insanity--so why would we quit one job and then turn around and do the same thing all over again?
The *point* is that *this time* it'll be *different.*
Okay. Still...
Why?
BAR RULES
IF YOU'RE STILL STANDING YOU NEED ANOTHER DRINK
CHEERS
BEST
Can you think of a single other thing you're good at?
...
Not really. *You?*
No. Not anymore.

...
We're gonna need a name.
We're gonna need fire insurance.
Sure. Because two old men sat down at a bar and set themselves on fire.
The News.
I tell you, Parker. I've been doing this for thirty years, and all I know for sure is that it's a dirty business.
We'll do it better this time.
We'll do it right.
And what's that look like?
"Doing it right."
It's easy.
We tell the truth.
The truth?
The truth?

HAHAHAHAHAHAHAHA!
The truth. That's perfect.
Thanks for that.
What?
You don't agree?
There are some things I like to believe in, Ben. That I'm not gonna die alone, that there is such a thing as justice...
But in this entire universe, there's only one thing I know for sure.
And that's that there's no truth in the news and no news in the truth.
Like I said, it's a dirty business.
So how about this? We promise not to lie.

...
Sounds like a fair start.
TINK
Hey. Look who decided to join us.
I hope the two of you are enjoying yourselves.
Everyone's running around the *Bugle* like someone set the place on fire.
It's what we do.
Did you get caught up in any of this?
They gave Robbie the wheel, and he knows I do a good job. So I should be fine.
The real question is, what are you two going to do?
We were just talking about that...
We've decided to start our own news business.
You want a job?
...
Do you have any money?
That's a day-two problem, Peter.
Tonight, I am a man who is right with the world.

Think it over.
Night, Ben.
Night.
...
Ben, I gotta know...
How'd you do it?
How do you blow up your whole life in one afternoon and then just *start a new one?*
What?
Peter, my wife is dead. You're a grown man and have a family of your own. And--*given the opportunity*--I just couldn't take being in an industry of compromise one minute more.
Why wouldn't I do what I did?
It was an *easy choice.*
What's going on, Peter?

Well, my wife is very much alive. And I have a family, and responsibilities that exceed professional bliss.
I don't know that I can blow everything up just because I want my life to change.
Peter, no one's expecting you to join us. If you do, then that's gr--
I'm not talking about that.
This is... *something else.*
...
Are you and MJ okay?
We're great. She's great.
I think she deserves better than me, but she disagrees. Which makes it even better...
It's just... for the longest time, I've thought something was wrong with my life, Ben-- *that something was wrong with me.*
I can't really explain it, but now I just... *I just* ***know*** *that I've been right all along...*
And I don't know what to do.

You ever heard the saying, "inaction is action"?
Yeah. Sure.
Well, that's just a garbage way of saying don't spend your life waiting for something to happen.
Make it happen.
I love you, son...
...but if you're walking around half asleep... anesthetized by your own life...
Then wake up.

Later.
It's bedtime, Richard. Your sister's already asleep.
Can I finish this chapter I'm on?
Depends. Whatcha reading?
A Tale of Two Cities. This is the original--unedited--All the Year Round edition.
You're a ridiculous person. You know that, right?
I don't know what you're complaining about, Dad, you made me this way.
And I'm cool with it.
Okay. Fair enough. That chapter, then bed.
Good night, kiddo.
Night, Dad.
Kids are down.
Uh-oh, you know what that means...

Spill it, mister.
Sigh.
I don't even know where to start.
They quit the *Bugle?*
Yeah. And decided to start their own thing. And they did this in like a three-hour span of time.
Total maniacs.
Yeah. And sorry I was late, but after that and the work stuff, I felt like I should run by and check on him before I came home.
The memorial...
I've never seen your uncle cry. It was...
If you didn't, you would've been worried all night.
Probably.
Annnnd that would've just got in the way.
Of?
Of us talking about you, Peter.
I know it's been a long day...but this morning--
Yeah.
Yeah. So what's going on?

...
I don't want to say something and then not be able to take it back.
Well, that's just not how any of this works...
But I do promise, nothing's going to change how I feel. About you. Or about us.
So...
...
I think I need...a change.
Hey. When I quit to start my own business last year, you were one hundred percent on board.
And, I mean, sure, we've got bills and kids and it might be tough...
...but why would you think for a second that I wouldn't be behind you doing something else?
No, MJ. I mean, *I* need to *change.*
Oh.
That.
What do you mean... *that?*

I know you, Peter Parker.
You're an amazing husband and just lights-out as a father.
But you've been walking around for years with this cloud hanging over you.
You put a good face on it, but you're not satisfied with who you are.
Do you know what you have to do?
I think so.
Yes.
Are things going to change between us?
Never.
Well, then...
...that settles it. I'm going to bed.
And you...

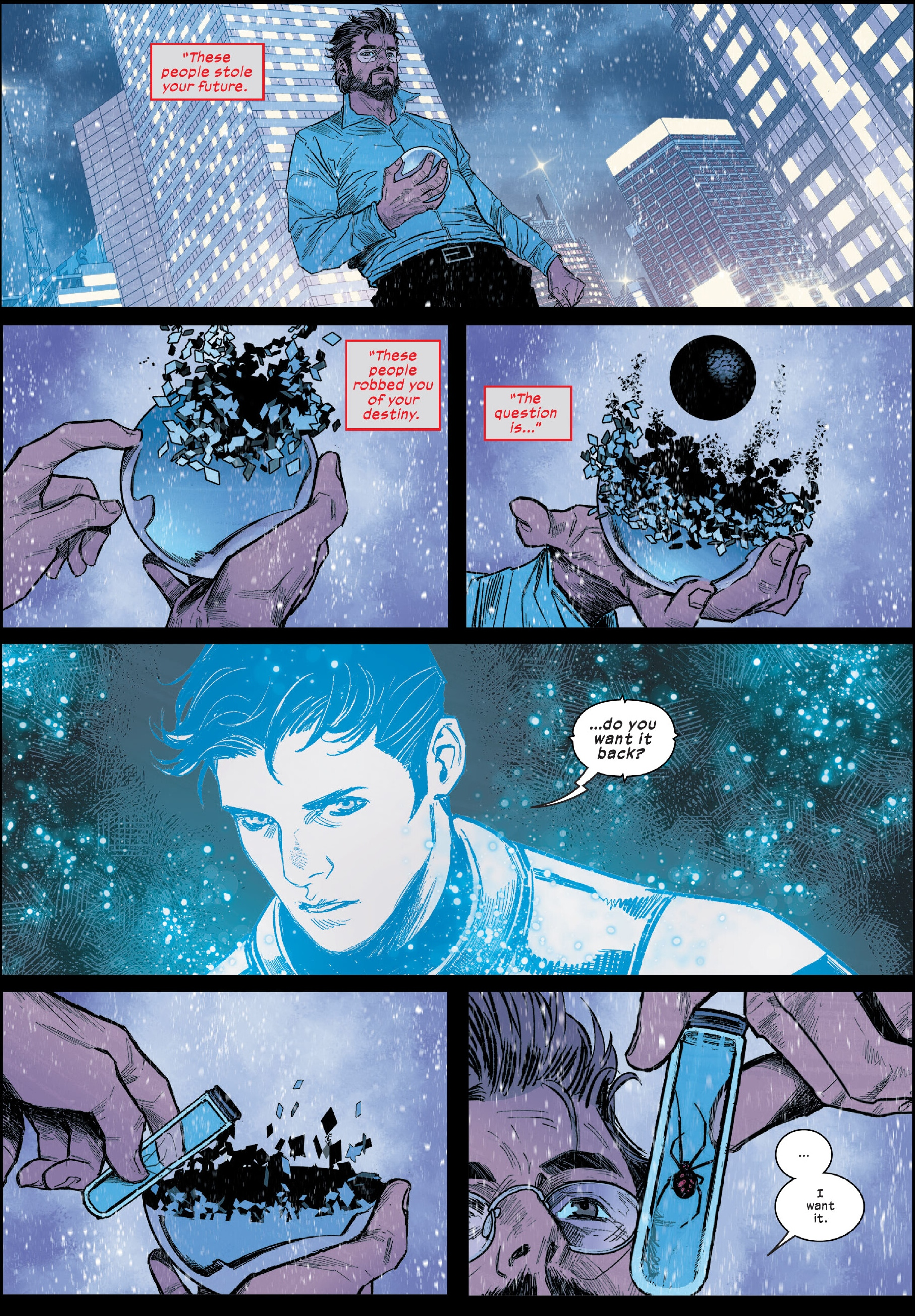
Go get 'em, Tiger.

LAST NIGHT

Hello, if this has gone as I hoped, I am speaking with Peter Parker.
My name is Tony Stark.
And while it's likely you know my father's name, you've probably never heard of me.
I got bad news for you, kid--after what you did, everyone knows your name.
I am sending this to you from six months into the future.
There was an attempt on my and my companions' lives, and we only had seconds to escape before the orbital platform fired.
What?
So we went to the only safe place I could think of.
I'm sorry that I can't be more specific than I am about to be, but we have to careful...
Because this world is more complicated and dangerous than you could ever believe, and there's a component of "faith" to this that is, frankly, unavoidable.
All I can ask is that you, please, listen carefully.

PSSTTFFFTT
This is for you.
Inside is a picotech stealth suit to mask your identity and a bio-organic catalyst necessary for you to undergo a post-human transformation.
What in the world is that supposed to mean?
Twenty years ago, you were supposed to be bitten by a radioactive spider.
This would have given you amazing powers. And with them, you would have become one of Earth's most prominent super heroes.
Instead, a great evil traveled through time and erased almost all the heroes of this world from existence.
You were one of them.
He did this so that he--and his confederates--could treat Earth as a kind of experiment.
An exercise in creating a society that could be perfectly directed and controlled.
I am repeating this with others like you, and in six months, if I've done this correctly, I will exit this room to find an Earth that has regained its heroes.
And together, we will free the world.
It is my greatest hope that you are among our number.
You were supposed to have a different life, Peter Parker. You were supposed to protect the innocent, save lives and inspire the citizens of this world to be their best selves.
And instead, all of that was taken from you.

NOW

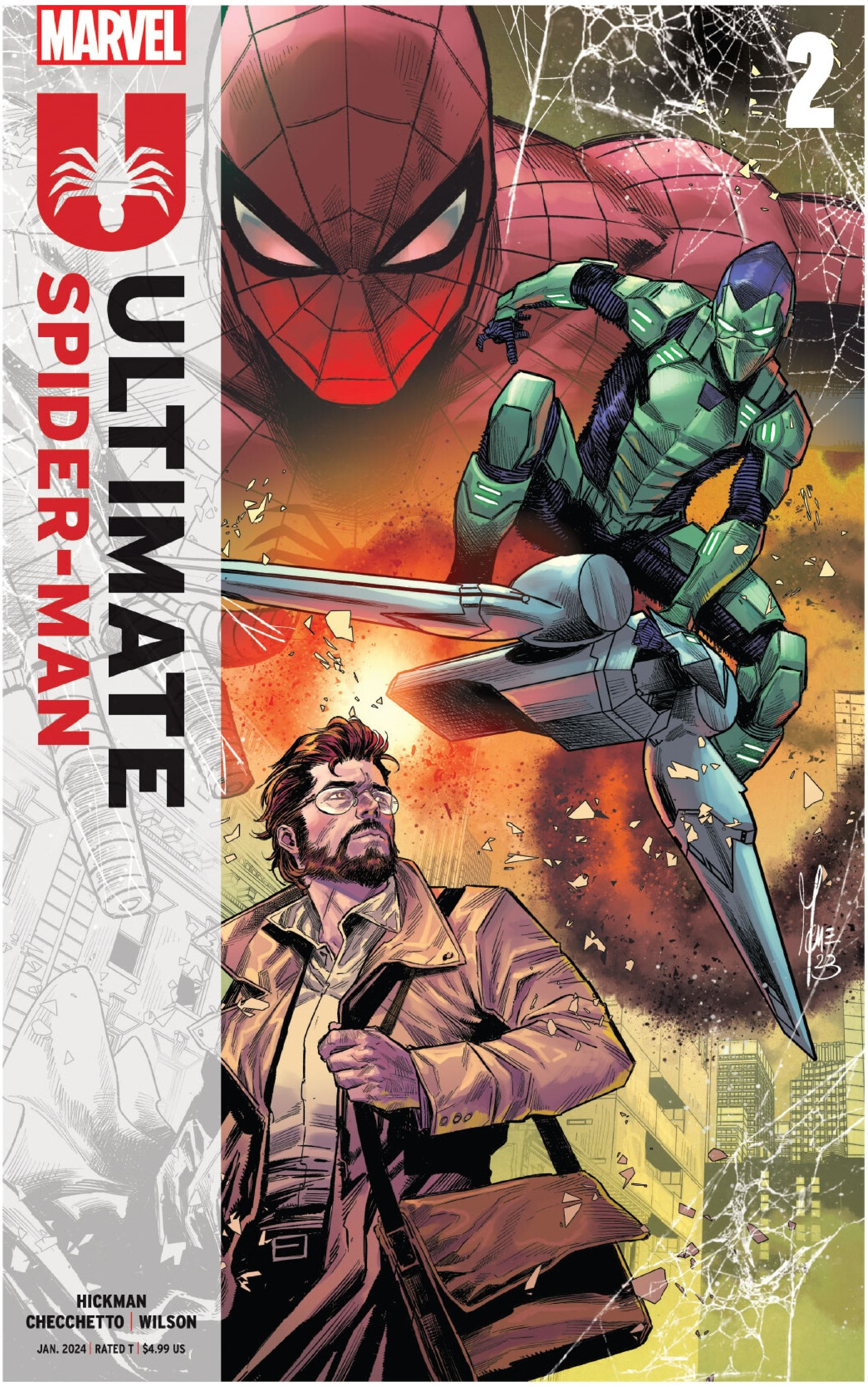


"These people stole your future.
"These people robbed you of your destiny.
"The question is..."
...do you want it back?
...
I want it.

Then wake up.
And go get 'em, Tiger.

THE BEGINNING...

NEXT



ON SALE IN **FEBRUARY**

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ON SALE IN FEBRUARY

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